

of San Martino, (the valley of the Germanaese).
The valley is scarcely wider than the bed
of the torrent which runs through it; it is
entirely surrounded ~~with~~ by lofty
mountains & rugged rocks, the only
entrance into it - is by a single narrow
pass. Here ~~also~~, the traveller comes upon
a pretty grove of chestnut trees. The chestnuts
made into a kind of paste, forms an
important part of the food of the people.
Here the Waldenses, 367 in number,
embarrassed themselves; & they held
this natural fortress for six months
against - an army of 22,000 French &
Swiss Piedmontese. Henry Armand
happily has left the story of this
wonderful defence. The camp, describing
the rocky ravine they held, - "The Balie, or, as
it was called, the Castle, is a lofty & very
steep rock, rising by three different
terraces on each of which embankments
were made, with supplied with a large
store of stones to hurl at the assailants.
The access to it - is everywhere difficult;
the side on which it - is east - so is from a
torrent which runs from its feet. Trees
were cut down & disposed across this
opening that the branches should be opposed
to the assailants, & layers of trees was loaded
with large stones, on which were again placed
trees secured in the same manner, & so on.
The enemy gained the first barricade of
trees, but - their utmost efforts were unable
to remove them; the Waldenses fired
or hammered fire, the practice was very
stretched on the ground, while the besieged
did

did not lose a single man. In about twenty the French returned to the attack, & surrounded the Balie with batteries, the fire from which soon destroyed the rude entrenchments of the Waldenses. ^{the} ~~There~~ thought of nothing but how to make their escape, but the huge fires kept up by the French made it impossible to do this under cover of the night. At the very moment when a most cruel death seemed to be preparing for them, a fog arose to screen them, & a friendly guide offered his help. He declared the only chance of escape to be across a frightful precipitous ravine. They followed him down this chasm, some sliding on their backs, others scrambling with one knee on the ground, holding by the branches of the trees, now others resting, others feeling their way with hands & feet. Roulat (their guide) made them take off their shoes, that they might the better perceive whether they placed their feet on anything capable of supporting them. In this manner they passed close to one of the French outposts. Some of his numbers let fall a small kettle, which rolling over the stones, made noise enough to disturb a French sentinel, who cried out - "Qui vive?" However, they made good their escape into the Val Pelice with the loss of only six killed. There, to their surprise & joy they were met with the news that the French & the Piedmontese had quarrelled, so they joined the army of the latter to fight against the common foe. This was the last persecution against the Vaudois Vaudois; but it was not until the reign of the present king of Italy that they were allowed the same privilege as Roman Catholics.

We must now make our way northwards to

to make covered ways as a protection against
the avalanches to which this part of the ^{valley} is
exposed. The view from ^{which is a little beyond the} the summit
is ^{is} very magnificent, the eye ranges over
the ^{is} snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps, the
Jungfrau & the ^{is} ~~summit~~ with their glaciers, the
great glaciers of Aletsch, & the ^{is} ~~valley~~ valley
of the Rhone. ~~A little above the summit~~
is exposed to dreadful storms & there is here
a ^{is} ~~hospice~~ hospice, where travellers overtaken by
storms are received by some brothers of
the Great Saint-Bernard. After a short
descent, the traveller enters the valley
of Lomplon, nearly 5,000 feet above the sea.
After leaving Lomplon, the road advances
towards the deep forges of the Dore, the
most beautiful & awful part of the Lomplon.
Here the rocky & perpendicular base of the
mountains approach closely, leaving only
space for the road & the framing torrent-like
& there the Dore fills the whole of the narrow
space, in such places the road is carried
through galleries cut in the rocks. When
the ravine narrows the mountains which
flank it appear to increase in height. The
road is sometimes scooped into the side
of the rocks, sometimes it seems to
hang over the abyss; & where neither a
trench nor a gallery can be made on one
side, a bridge crosses the torrent, & ~~the~~
the road is carried forward on the other
side. Torrents are poured out from the
overhanging rocks in some places above
1,000 feet above the traveller. But the
wonder of this part of the road is the great
valley

them rich independent. - In 1797, for the
first time in its history, a small foreign
force made good a landing on the
quays of Venice ^{the hands of the Venetians} ^{the hands of the Venetians} ^{the hands of the Venetians}
ancient & glorious republic was given
over to the dominion of Austria.

The most splendid part of Venice is the
Grande Piazza di San Marco, ^{of the Piazza which leads to St. Mark's} ^{the hands of the Venetians} ^{the hands of the Venetians}
on the one side
of the ^{the hands of the Venetians} ^{the hands of the Venetians} ^{the hands of the Venetians}
the old palace of the Doges; on the other
side are the beautiful Mint & the Library
of St. Mark, both modern looking buildings,
from the sea shore, which forms the
fourth side, stand two magnificent
granite columns, each of a single block,
one crowned with the winged lion of St.
Mark in bronze, the other bearing the
statue of St. Theodore. Between these
columns in former times public
executions took place. Divided from
the Ducal palace by a narrow channel
is the city prison; a covered bridge
raised at high above the water links the
palace with the dungeons; & this is the famous
Bridge of Sighs over which ~~prisoners~~ ^{prisoners} ^{prisoners}
were wont to be led to ~~look at~~ ^{look at} ^{look at}
death, often for no greater fault than
that they bore a good name in the city
which excited the jealousy of the Doge.
The first sight of the Grand Square itself
is extremely striking, & in an instant
the traveller recognizes the change-looking
church & the great ~~city~~ ^{city} ^{city} ^{city}
belfry which views of
Venice have made familiar to him. In
front of the church are three tall red poles
from which in former days, the flags of
Candia, Cyprus & the Morea, the three vassal
kingdoms of the haughty republic, floated on
the

war; they allied themselves to greater powers
& fought for the Pope on the one hand, or for
the German Emperor on the other. The
adherents of the Pope were ^{on the whole} called Guelphs, &
those of the Emperor, Gibelins. Every city
almost every citizen flourished in one of
these barbarous denominations; but—
whether a city declared itself Guelph or
Gibelin depended a good deal on the
little taken by some other city with which
it was at feud. Thus Pisa & Florence, Modena
& Bologna, Cremona & Milan espoused
opposite parties. It is difficult for an
English reader to conceive of the state of things
which obtained, more or less, in Italy
from the eleventh to the end of the fifteenth
century. Our country affords more
than one sad instance of civil war, when
Englishmen have fought against English-
men; but, for the great cities to be pitted
against one another, Birmingham against
Manchester, Liverpool against Leeds, — this
is a kind of warfare we happily know
nothing about. ~~Some towns~~ ^{hardly} ~~left by the~~
~~Normans~~ ^{the} walls defend our cities which
are free & open to all comers because all do
come as friends; but imagine for a moment—
all our great northern towns to be separate
states, republics, whose volunteers were
indeed employed as little armies, to
fight Newcastle against Carlisle, Sunderland
against South Shields, you will form
some idea of the condition of the ^{early} Italian
republics. To travel in Italy, & even to study its

of volcanic rock which intercepts the
drainage. It is supposed that ^{the hot sunny days} gaseous
emanations from the soil caused by the
decaying vegetable matter which is
prevented by the volcanic rock from
escaping into the subsoil with the
drainage. At least - this is one of
several theories offered to account for
the malarial & its attendant 'Roman
fever' which desolates so great a part
of what should be the fairest & most
fertile of European countries.
A curious experiment has been tried
 lately at the monastery of Le Fontaine
(these mountains) ^{which lies} at some little distance
from Rome. The Eucalyptus tree, a
remarkable evergreen which may be
known by its rather leathery, pendulous,
quivering foliage, is being a good deal
cultivated in southern Europe on account
of its value as a drainer of the soil &
purifier of the atmosphere - a result
partly brought about by the enormous
evaporation which takes place from its leaves.
The lands of the monastery of Le Fontaine
~~present~~ ^{are} now ^{like} oases in the midst
of a sterile wilderness; here are meadows,
vineyards & corn fields, carefully cultivated,
& coming close up to the building, almost
a forest of Eucalypt trees. Before 1866
the Abbey was deserted; a single haggard
looking monk it is true, remained to show
the place to visitors, but - he was obliged to
return to Rome every night to sleep. Now
the Abbey is inhabited by twenty more
healthy brethren who sleep & live there contentedly.
The change may be partly due to drainage
but - chiefly to the Eucalypt which the monks

in Florence he ~~always~~ painted many
of his most famous pictures. Nowhere
perhaps is there a more precious collection
of treasures of art than in the Florentine
Museum; & besides these, there are valuable
picture galleries in several of the great palaces.
There are always many foreigners staying
in this delightful city, especially in the Spring
which is the pleasantest season. A traveller
says, "An evening snight in an Italian
villa at this season of nightingales & morning
is almost delicious here." Night is the
most delightful period of the short twenty four
hours, & the fire fly adds much to the charm
of the scene. The whole garden is illuminated
by myriads of these sparkling lights, sprinkled
about with no more profusion as sparkles
on a lady's gown." ^{of all the flowers}
In the middle of the day all business is
suspended, & the shops are shut during the
hours allotted to the Siesta. It is in the
evening that the streets may be seen
swarming with all classes; then, the
workman puts on his good coat; takes
his guitar, & sallies forth to improvisare.
For every Florentine can invent the late
or low song he sings as he goes on.
We cannot linger over the history of Florence,
one of the most turbulent & restless, yet
glorious & swelling of the Italian republics,
whose nobles loved to gather round
them poet, painter, & philosopher, & thus
threw the annals of Florence as peaced
with some of the most famous names
in Italian story. Dante & Petrarch among
the poets, Michael Angelo & Leonardo da Vinci
among the painters, & Galileo, were all Florentines
by birth.

colonial produce. Valona, a small town but
the chief port of Albania, ^{Monastir} Pristina & Vukitica
upon the lake of the same name, are towns
of some little importance.

Stamboul, & other Towns of Roumelia.

* Even if we don't take part in the chant about
"Mosques & minarets" we can still yield praises to
Stamboul. We can chant about the harbour we can
say & sing that nowhere else does the sea come so home
to a city; there are no pebbly shores, no sand bars,
no stony river beds, no black canals, no locks
nor docks to divide the very heart of the place
from the deep waters. It being in the noisiest
part of Stamboul.